

# THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

VOL. IV.

MEREDITH, N. H., SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1883.

NO. 169.

## AT HURLEY LOCK.

My boat was light and whole aboard;  
As I could drift by Hurley ford.  
The rain began to patter—  
But when I saw in Hurley Lock  
That naked in the gingham frock,  
'Twas quite another matter!  
She had a graceful little head,  
Her lips are ripe and round and red,  
Her eyes are short and pretty;  
And on a rosy sun-baked cheek  
Her dimples play at hide-and-seek,  
Within the lock at Hurley!

I strive to make a mortal note,  
The white she lounges in her boat  
Beneath the big umbrella;  
I wonder if they call her Nell,  
Or Beatrice, or Isobel,  
Or Violin, or Stella?

Is she engaged to Strike or Bow?  
I would they could assure me now  
She loves to flirt with others,  
Will stalwart Sculls o'er claim her hand?  
How gladly would I understand  
Her crew are caught but brothers!

How gayly she leaps and leaps,  
Her voice is low, her laugh is light,  
Her figure slight and gay,  
How cheerfully I'd take a trip,  
With such a pilot for my ship,  
And sail away from Hurley!

I wonder if her heart is true?  
I know her eyes are peerless blue,  
Love's golden arrow is sleepless,  
A moon-white ruff around her throat,  
Beneath her pouting peacock!  
A little foot-out-peeping,

Oh, is she wood and is she wren,  
Or is she very fond of fun?

I make a thousand guesses!

A sweet young face, so full of hope,  
A dainty hand on the tiller rope,  
And rain drops in her tresses!

Three tiny rose buds lightest east  
Within the haven of her breast—  
Her locks are short and curly—  
The sun is gone! Down comes the rain,  
I leave my heart left well in twain  
Within the lock at Hurley!

J. AMERY-STEWY.

## GREAT CATTLE RANGES.

## DISPELLING THE GLAMOUR OF CATTLE RAISING — THE BOOKS VERSUS THE HERDS—HOW CAPITALISTS ARE TAKEN IN.

(From the New York Sun.)

The high price of beef has greatly stimulated the business of cattle breeding. English and Eastern capital eagerly seeks investment in Western cattle ranches. It has been estimated that about \$30,000,000 of English and Eastern money has been invested in the region extending from the Rio Grande River to the northern boundary line during the past three years.

At present the excitement about cattle approaches in intensity a mining craze. The writers for the press and illustrated magazines are, in a great measure, responsible for calling public attention to the Western plains and the Rocky Mountain valleys as desirable localities for cattle breeding. The majority of these writers know absolutely nothing about the breeding and successful handling of cattle. Descriptions of life on the plains and in the mountains abound in these writings. The pictures are attractive, but are they true?

The census of 1880 shows (and the figures for 1880 are approximately correct for 1883) that in the strictly pastoral region embraced within the lines of New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Dakota, Montana, Nevada, Utah, Washington, and Oregon there were 1,923,148 cattle, or 416,573 less than in the State of New York. Kansas and Nebraska, States that extend from the Missouri River westward into the arid belt, graze more cattle than all the so-called "cattle country," excepting Texas. Colorado has been puffed more extensively than any other State as a desirable location for cattle breeders. For years cattle have been driven from Texas to Colorado. In 1880 there were 346,739 cattle in Colorado. South Carolina, a State never spoken of as a cattle country, possessed 363,709 cattle in 1880. Arkansas, where the men are falsely supposed to spend their time lying in wait behind corncribs for their personal loss, contained 708,243 more than Colorado. In 1880 Florida grazed 467,890 cattle, over 120,000 more than Colorado.

The cattle country contains, not in, including Texas, about 800,000 square miles. Throughout this vast range cattle are expected to pick up their living during the winter. It is asserted that the loss of stock is very small on these natural breeding grounds. With all these advantages the cattle dealers do not graze as much stock as New York, a State containing but 47,000 square miles, and where the cattle are fed hay and grain for six months every year. The losses in New York by freezing and starving will not equal the loss in any of the cattle States of the far West in one blizzard in the latter portion of the winter.

Cattle raising in the West is life or the frontier. It is a life of ceaseless monotony. There is nothing fascinating in the life of a cowboy, or in that of an owner of a small herd. It can be summed up in a few weeks' hard riding in the spring, during the branding roundup, and a few weeks more riding during the fall. The rest of the year is spent in watching the horns of cattle grow, in counting the rings on the base of those weapons of defense, and in cooking and eating bacon and bread. This attractive life is varied by men who have families and sufficient means by living in some little squall frontiers town. Life in one of these towns is not attractive. The men loaf. Time hangs heavily on the hands of such men as cannot supply themselves with intellectual amusement by sitting on an empty dry goods box and pounding their heels against the resounding sides, while discussing bucking ponies and cows whose tails have been frozen off. These idle stock growers are apparently wrapped up in absorbing thought as to the price of cattle at the distributing points in the Eastern States, or as to whether Clark's banana-tailed, one-

horned cow, the one with the diamond F, brand on her right side, and an underscarp on her left ear is seven or eight years old. There is some hunting done by these men, but the greater portion of them do not hunt. They loaf, they sleep, they lie on blankets, they eat poor food亟chically cooked. A bright, nervous, intellectual young man would abandon the business, as it is generally conducted, in less than a week.

Across the plains waves of heat roll in the summer, causing the air to tremble, and through which heat medium all objects are distorted to the vision. In the winter arctic storms sweep out of the north. The snow flies horizontally through the air. The furious wind drives it into the ravines, there not being enough vegetation on the levels to hold the snow particles. In the cattle country there are no trees, no good water, unless in mountain valleys. The grass becomes brown and dry in late June or early July. Every drop of rain that falls after the grass has died for want of water, injures the feed by washing nutrient out of it. This early death of the grass is explained to strangers in an airy manner. The cattle breeder indicates an extensive scope of arid country with outstretched sweeping arm, and says: "No need for mowing cattle raising, and I thought you might like to go out in the shed and turn the grindstones for me, to develop your muscles. Turning a grindstone is the healthiest thing a boy can do."

"It is all right enough," said the boy, as he took up a sweet cracker, "but please take a good look at me. Do I look like a grind-stone boy? Do I resemble a good boy that can't say 'no,' and goes off and turns a grindstone half a day for some old duffer, who pays him by giving him a handful of green currants, or telling him he will be a man some day, and the boy goes off one way, while the good man goes the other way, with a sharp scythe, and a chuckle at the softness of the boy?" You are mistaken in me. I have the invested considerable money in cattle.

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## NEWS OF THE DAY

### GENERAL ITEMS.

A bond call issued from the Treasury Department, maturing November 1, will return the balance of the three and a half per cent., amounting to \$92,000,000.

Ex-Postmaster General Montgomery Blair has had a paralytic shock.

A loss which inflicts hundreds of thousands of dollars damage is reported on Grand River, Michigan.

The stone swinging-mill factory at Bridgeport, Conn., was nearly destroyed by fire on Thursday. Loss, \$20,000.

Caterbury's wife and chief were killed with him.

Mrs. E. Polk, ex-Treasurer of Tennessee, was found guilty of embezzlement and sentenced to twenty years imprisonment and a fine of \$500. Polk, 57 years of age, and connected with a number of leading families of the State.

Over one hundred persons were poisoned by ice cream at Joliet, Ill., on Tuesday.

The New Jersey Democrats have put off their convention until September 13th, and the Republicans have determined to hold their convention later still.

The National Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic, now in session at Denver, Colo., reports an accession to their ranks during the past year of over fifty thousand men.

A mob at Miles, Mo., took a barn-door out of jail, where it was confined for the owner's conduct, and hanged him Thursday. Two hours afterward the place where the unfortunate man worked was set on fire and destroyed.

Edward Hovey, the condemned murderer, died at his home in Glen Clarendon, New York, until October.

At Jeffersonville, Ohio, three children of Isaac Barry were killed by lightning. They were in the field when a storm came up and they took shelter under a tree. Their bodies were found after an anxious search. The oldest child was only fourteen years of age.

Hanley won the boat race at Pulteney, N. Y., on Thursday. However some are reported drowned.

The swimmer Mattie Fidgit was found dead in Chesapeake Bay, and only her captain of a crew of four was rescued.

A prize fight at Nanticoke, Pa., Wednesday, was broken up by a crowd of armed women.

The sunbird has been found hibernating in Lake Michigan, and her crew of six men are missing.

By accident on the Wabash Railroad near Lawton, Mo., one passenger was killed and one injured.

Cataraqui is dead.

During a performance in a circus at Portsmouth, Va., on Tuesday night the tent was struck and wrecked by a gale. The air lamps ignited the fallen canvas, causing a general panic among the people, all of whom, however, escaped in escaping, although many were injured.

Storms with fatally disastrous effects are reported from large portions of Michigan, Indiana and Ohio.

The great cyclone storm that swept over Albany, Troy, Greenbush and other villages in Montgomery County, N. Y., caused a good deal of terror to the people in its track and damage to property. The record of the injury it inflicted in the brief space of four minutes is almost incredible.

M. A. Dampier, of the Louisiana Lottery, has sent Postmaster General Graham for depriving him of the use of the mail.

Evidence of a sad disaster has been discovered in Texas—the skeletons of a party of tourists supposed to have been killed by lightning over a year ago in their carriage just as they had died.

There were 2,000 pounds of dynamite found in New York city by the authorities yesterday.

At 10 o'clock Tuesday morning a pistol was fired through the window of the Western Union Telegraph office on Atlanta, Ga., shattering the large plate glass and striking the receiving clerk, Witt, just above the hip. The ball was spent, however, and the injury was not serious. The range of the ball indicated that it came from an upstairs room of the Marlin, a hotel across the street. Mr. Witt withdrew from the front door of the Telegrapher's day before, and the company offers a reward of \$1,000 for the conviction of the party who fired the shot.

Captain Matthew Webb, the English swimmer, was drowned on Tuesday, in his attempt to swim through the whirlpool rapids just below the estuary of Niagara.

Additional particulars of the terrible cyclone in the Northwest state that at least nine persons are known to have been killed and at least fifty injured, some of the latter perhaps fatally.

Evans, Okla., was visited by a severe wind and rain storm on Monday.

An accident occurred in a blizzard at Syracuse, N. Y., Monday, by which eight men lost their lives.

Secretary Folger in a letter shows that the President had no power to issue executive orders to be rendered by the Treasury at face value.

The State Department at Washington was informed that the steamer City of Washington, from Vera Cruz for New York, left several passengers with valises aboard at Havana, and that five of these left had died.

**BODEN'S ROOM.**

5. despatch called on the President of the English Board of Health to protest against the sanitary management of Atlantic steamers.

There have been frequent cases of cholera among the British troops in Egypt.

James Cawley, the informer in the trials of the Phoenix Park murderers, has arrived at one of the British colonies.

Cholera has broken out among the Forty-second regiment of British infantry at Suez.

Five hundred deaths from the cholera are reported to have occurred at Cairo on Monday.

Sir Charles Northcote intends to move an address to the Queen against the monopoly of M. de Lesseps at Suez.

The Channel Tunnel bill will be introduced during the present session of Parliament.

The excitement is increasing in London over the nomination of islands in the Pacific.

The American rifle team was entertained by the Lord Mayor of London on Tuesday.

The report of the victory of Ulysses S. Grant in California—Caterbury, however, was not wounded and made his escape from the enemy. An inaccurate writer of his name was killed.

The Swedish minister Thordson has died. No lives were lost.

Captain Leitch, of the Comair line, died. He had been fifty years in the service of the Comair company and took the first body of troops to participate in the Comair campaign. He died on board the company's steamer Saratoga in the Mediterranean, and his body now rests in the Bay of Biscay.

Doctors are being sent to Egypt from England and India.

Our Consul General at London has been instructed to appoint a board to inspect all vessels leaving the United Kingdom for the United States in view of the reported presence of cholera in London.

The funds of the second Suez Canal are assured.

### APPALING DISASTER.

OVER SEVENTY-FIVE EXCURSIONISTS DROWNED.

A PARTY OF ANXIUS PEOPLE CROWD UPON THE WHOLE GIVES WAY—DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENE.

### LITTLE BUT GOOD.

A SPANISH HORSE CLOCK IN THE BLUE GRASS REGION—READY FOR ACTION.

HOW THE LITTLE FISH IS CATCHED AND PREPARED FOR THE MARKET.

### AMERICAN SARDINES.

A FEW NECESSARIES HINTS FROM THE "AMERICAN ARTIFICIAL FISHERY."

FARM AND GARDEN.

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT FAIR CONFIRMED BY THREE IMPARTIAL INTERVIEWS.

THE TOADS.—There is no better abuser, and probably no more merciless creature in the garden and upon the farm than the toad. That apt simile, "like a toad under a harrow," tells the story of his wrongs. And now that our harrows are armed with steel teeth, and are supplemented with iron crutches and cultivators of various types for combating the soil, the sorrows of the toads are intensified, and he is threatened with extinction in all cultivated fields. Stay thy hand from slaugheter, tiller of the soil. The toad is as useful in his place as the implements of tillage you drive over his back so thoughtlessly.

"The jewel in his head" is not there, but in his capacious stomach, that always has room in it for one more bug, one more worm, that destroys the food of man. Watch his habits for a day, and observe the lightning thrusts of his tongue as he seizes in your enemies, and you will have a better appreciation of his work, and of his place in good husbandry. If your garden is without toads, you can afford to purchase them for stock. They will pay good dividends, as surely as superphosphate.

THE FAKER GARDEN IN AUGUST.—As soon as the raspberries are off, cut away the stems that bore them, and encourage the new stalks. Blackberries often bear two crops in a year, and if you pick them off, and let them ripen for some time, let them market, let them ripe; if to be shipped to a distance, they must be firm. Cut away all suckers not needed. Watch grape vines for the first signs of mildew, and apply sulphur.

Hand-pick the beetles and large caterpillars; keep the lateral pinched back, leaving one leaf of the new growth; remove shoots which start when they are not needed; keep bearing shoots well fed. It is not anything we do that is a greater waste of labor.

"DO YOU EVER GET INTO ANY TROUBLE?"

"I notice a big tough fellow come into the hotel and pay for a bed. He was an ugly looking brute as ever I saw. Wore a black patch over his eye, and had his baggy jeans studded with hooks like a regular dime-novel border ruffian. I came at once to the conclusion that it would be healthy to keep out of that fellow's way, and I confess that I was surprised that such a bully could be accepted as a guest at a first-class hotel.

"The next morning I was up early. It was a little chilly, and I took a chair by the stove while they got breakfast ready. I hadn't been there more than five minutes before he walked the very fellow I wished to avoid, and he drew a chair up and sat down beside me.

"Say, stranger, how about them trains for Danville?"

"I do not know anything about the trains," said I, rather stiffly.

"Then I got up and took a chair near the door. There was no one in the office but a dapper little clerk, a chirpy little fellow about five feet high and very girlish in appearance.

"The obnoxious Kentuckian came and squatted down in a chair beside me. I felt myself getting hot and cold with vexation, but knowing that I would have no chance in a personal encounter with such a giant, prudence suggested that I act quietly. Then he drew out of his pocket a dirty piece of tobacco which looked as though he had half chewed it with his wolfish fangs.

"'Hav a claw, stranger!'

"'Thank you, I never claw.'

"Now, see here, you durned stock-up Northern chaps. Think you come down here and show off your high-bred ways? Guess you'll swaller our dog's bones, or I'll—'

"What he would have done I do not know, for in an instant, with all the little activity of a pugilist, that little clerk sprang over the counter with a big navy revolver in his hand and every hair of his head bristling like the back of a tiger in a dog fight.

"Get out of this, you brute, or I'll blow the roof of your head off."

"The bully, young look vanished from his face and like a whipped horse he stalked backward out of the door, only saying in a mock, shamboose manner 'Don't shoot, master, for God's sake, don't shoot; I was only a fool.'

"Then, when the door was slammed shut, I turned to my host and said:

"What would you have done if I had not been there?"

"I do not know what I would have done if I had not been there," said he.

"I am sorry to say that I have done nothing but offend you," said he.

"I do not know what I would have done if I had not been there," said he.

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